

## Cold Moon

The Zolas

The paint is dry, we've closed the vein  
To rinse the brush and go again  
But still I know I've got the stain  
And maybe you do too

I found the stomach to deny  
The urge to look you up online  
Don't want to creep on your profile  
But sometimes I still do

Maybe I'll see you on the cold moon  
We'll meet again beneath the cold moon  
Thin windows fill my room  
With silver from the cold cold moon

In the mirror here and there  
I catch a flash of silverware  
I shake my back to try to clear  
The table set for two